

I could recite both sets of platitudes
but when the Captain
rammed a shotgun in
my under-belly, I bombasted
the wrong one. He shifted it
to my temple as we tripped down-
stairs--after counseling sub-
ordinates, "Not here...
nice apartment for someone."

When we reached the street
a HUMVEE of AK47s ripped past,
slicing these antagonists in half.

I'm in prison till my story
checks out. It has been four-
teen years. Successive regimes
have emptied this building via
amnesties. Alone now,
I support three shifts of guards.
Their wives bake me treats
almost every day.